

## Who is the Beacon For?

On a stage,  
wrapped in Old, glory,  
to a crowd as white as driven snow.  
Those, who claim the reflection of supreme perfection,  
the color without hue.

With hope in hand, they listen,  
and like a hollow wind through vacant canyon,  
he bellows: “I will protect and preserve what is rightfully ours!”  
And they cheer.  
The only contrast in the jungle of chalk, is a singularity,  
a fly in milk that taints the snow.  
And in those numbers, they will stay.

The rest, from afar,  
hear the loud thunder of 45.  
Not the gun, but the gold-haired, Aryan-like man.  
The elected white-hope,  
who is wrapped in a promise  
to re-claim from its shores, the America of old.  
The America,  
of WHITE, red, and blue.  
The vain, angry man, who vows to remove, “The Black stain—of 44”.

But what of us, the yellow, black, and brown?  
The back of the bus crowd.  
Those, who labor in her shops,  
shelter in her shacks,  
sleep in her streets.  
We, claim her too!

But we are drained of tears—if any remained,  
We’d share, with the complexionless, callous politician,  
tyrannical men who lack contrition,

We'd lend them our pain,  
hoping to sway the pale face  
that leads the race  
to strip us of our rights,  
and line their prisons with our young,  
so they may sit peacefully, in the serenity,  
of White pews, singing the hymns of white gods.

Secure in their station, full of erudition,  
they hammer-out our fate  
in hallowed halls of justice,  
wearing hearts that match the marble of the pillars,  
and are as hollow as its chambers.

New Masters,  
of old familiar legislation,  
their vision obscured by plenty,  
colored faces are hidden from their sight.  
The abandoned children of the nation, those fathered by many,  
who by an embarrassed mother,  
are swaddled tightly in blankets of red, white, and blue,  
to hide their yellow, black, and brown.

*We, the people* who make the Red of the White, blue and uneasy.  
We, who plead to thee, *O sweet land of liberty*  
to let thy *crown of brotherhood* be good,  
for *under one nation* we are blanketed.

*We pledge allegiance* to you!  
We labor for you!  
And we die for you.  
In many wars, we shared our blood with thee, *O sweet land of liberty!*  
And we know—you will call on us again  
to raise the banner, and pour-out the contents of our veins.  
Is it only then, that we are son or daughter?

O America, the land that we love, it's our home too,  
for we are brave as well!

We will not wallow in pity long.  
for we are a great crowd who hunger and long to be of thee *from sea to shining sea*,

to sing a kind refrain, but we are in pain, and wonder:  
For who, is *the land that we love*?  
For who, is the protective banner  
*whose broad stripes and bright stars*  
*thru the perilous fight*, won the right,  
to place on its shore, a welcome mat at its door,  
for the *tired* and the *poor*,  
for the *huddled masses who yearn to breathe free*,  
*the wretched refuse of teeming shores*,  
the America who said: *Send these—*  
*the homeless tempest-tost to me*.

Yes!

For who did you lift a *lamp beside the golden door*?

Who is the beacon for?